

Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Beast, so farre he past my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

Kim. A Norman.

Laer. Vpon my life Lamound.

Kim. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Iemme of all our Nation.

Kim. Hee mad confession of you,
And gaue you such a Masterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defence;
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cryed out, 't would be a sight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his Enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,
Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

Kim. *Laertes* was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

Kim. Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of prooffe,
Time qualifys the sparke and fire of it:
Hamlet comes backe: what would you vndertake,
To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' ch' Church.

Kim. No place indeed should murder Sancturize;
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choofe
A Sword vnbaired, and in a passe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,

And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

Kim. Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape, if this should faile;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'T were better not affaid; therefore this Proiect
Should haue a backe or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in prooffe: Soft, let me see
Wee'l make a solemne wager on your commings,

I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he calls for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him
A Challice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet *Queene*,

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,
That shewes his hore leaues in the glassie streame:
There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Dayfies, and long Purples,
That libellall Shepheards giue a grosser name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an enuious slouer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature Native, and indued
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with her drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our trickie Nature her custome holds,
Let shame lay what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
I haue a speech of fire, thataine would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*

Kim. Let's follow, *Gertrude*:
How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will giue it start againe;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that
wilfully seekes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Graue
straight, the Crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Chri-
stian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, vnlesse she drowned her selfe in
her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Clow. It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee else: for
heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it ar-
gues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an
Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe
wittingly.

Other. Nay but heere you Goodman Delier.

Clown. Giue me leaue; heere lies the water, good;
heere stands the man; good; if the man goe to this wa-
ter and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes;
marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne
him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not
guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clow. I marry it's, Crowners Quest Law.

Other.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not
been a Gentlewoman, shee should haue beene buried
out of Christian Buriall.

Clow. Why there thou say'st. And the more pittie that
great folke should haue countenance in this world to
drowne or hang themselves, more then their enen Christi-
an. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen,
but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp
Adams Profession.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clow. He was the first that euer bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clow. What, art a Heathen? how dost thou vnder-
stand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adams* dig'd;
could hee digge without Armes? He put another que-
stion to thee; thou answerst me not to the purpose, con-
fesse thy selfe.

Other. Go too.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger then either the
Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outlives a
thousand Tenants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes
does well; but how does it well? it does well to those
that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is
built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes
may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Ship-
wright, or a Carpenter?

Clow. I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clow. Too't.

Other. Masse, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farse off.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your
dull Ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when
you are ask't this question next, say a Graue-maker: the
Houles that he makes, lasts till Doomsday: go, get thee
to *Tauernham*, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did loue, did loue,

me thought it was very sweete:

To contrail O the time for a my behouse,

O me thought there was nothing meete.

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that
he sings at Graue-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of ea-
sinesse.

Ham. 'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Employment hath
the daintier sense.

Clowne sings.

But Age with his stealing steps

hath caught me in his clutch:

And hath shipp'd me intill the Land,

as if I had neuer bene such.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing
once: how the knaue iowles it to th' ground, as if it
were *Caines* Law-bone, that did the first murder: 'It
might be the Pace of a Polititian which this Ass'e o're Of-
fices: one that could circumeuent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Mor-
row sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this
might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such
a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why ee'n so? Chaplesse, and knockt
Spade; heere's fine Re-
fect. Did these bones
to play at Loggits
on't.

Clow.

A Pickaxe and a

for and a shrowd

O a Pit of Clay for

for such a Guest

Ham. There's another

Scull of of a Lawyer?

Quillets? his Cafes? h

doe's he suffer this rude

the Sconce with a dirty

his Action of Battery?

time a great buyer of La

nizances, his Fines, his d

Is this the fine of his Fir

eries, to haue his fine

Vouchers vouch him no

ble ones too, then the

Indentures? the very

hardly lye in this Boxe;

haue no more? ha?

Hor. Not a lot more

Ham. Is not Parchment

Hor. I my Lord, and

Ham. They are Shee

rance in that, I will spee

this Sir?

Clow. Mine Sir:

O a Pit of Clay for

for such a Guest

Ham. I thinke it be

Clow. You lye out on'

for my part, I doe not ly

Ham. Thou dost lye

'tis for the dead, not f

lyest.

Clow. 'Tis a quicke lye

to you.

Ham. What man doe

Clow. For no man Sir

Ham. What woman

Clow. For none neither

Ham. Who is to be

Clow. One that was a

shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute

by the Carde, or equiu

Lord *Horatio*, these thr

the Age is growne so pi

comes so neere the hee

Kibe. How long hast th

Clow. Of all the dayes

that our last King *Ham*

Ham. How long is t

Clow. Cannot you tell

It was the very day, tha

that was mad, and scar

Ham. I marry, why

Clow. Why, because h

wits there; or if he do n